

## The Man Who Arrived

By CLAUDE FAMAES

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As Briggsville was a town of 2,000 inhabitants and boasted a fair hotel, there had been arrivals there by train for years, but they were what might be termed everyday arrivals. Drums were paid the town a visit; men who looked for an opportunity to go into business would come that way; strangers who didn't always unburden themselves to the inquisitive landlord would come and go. Each and every guest received more or less public notice, but dropped out of mind when he dropped out of sight.

The man who finally arrived slipped in so quietly that he had been a guest for three or four days before it was generally known that he was present. He walked up from the depot instead of riding in the bus and paying a quarter extra. He didn't make a rush for the bar as soon as he arrived. He didn't cuss the train for being late or cuss the town on account of the mudholes in the streets. He took the landlord into his confidence at once and explained that he was in poor health and might spend a month in recuperating. He ate supper and then sat down in the barroom and smoked and dozed and answered but few questions and asked none at all, and it was the general verdict before he went to bed that he didn't amount to anything compared with other arrivals.

George K. Jones, as the man who arrived had given his name, moved about town for the next week without attracting any particular notice and without any one caring particularly about his health. The landlord of the hotel had just told a friend of his that Jones was apparently a sorry, who had tired himself out in wondering why a coffee mill turned to the right instead of the left, when he was asked for a private interview. He instantly made up his mind that Jones wanted to stand him off, but he granted the request.

In two minutes there was a great transformation. Jones of the sleepy eyes and lagging feet became as alert as a fox. He acknowledged that he had registered under a false name; he confessed that he was not what he seemed; he owned up that he was at the head of a detective agency, and ready to do business with his host on the most liberal terms. There hadn't been any crime of any account around Briggsville for several years, but this state of affairs could not last much longer. There would be a crime wave sweeping along pretty soon, and his agency wanted to be in it and make most of the arrests and receive most of the rewards.

He was there in advance of the wave to lay his wires. He wanted to make of the landlord a detective—a real old sleuth of the first order—and he had a printed commission duly dated and signed that would be exchanged for a twenty dollar bill. The landlord was to spot robbers and murderers as fast as they turned up and send in his reports and receive half the rewards.

It did not take the proprietor of the Clarion over five minutes to decide on handing over. His income from the detective business would not be less than \$2,000 a year and might run to three times that, and his opportunities for "spotting" were all.

Of course he was told that looking wise and sawing wood was the foundation of detective work and given many verbal instructions, and half an hour later he was down in his bar and sitting up three or four old toppers he had known for fifteen years and wondering which of them was plotting murder. That evening he picked up no less than seven men to keep an eye on in future, and it was generally remarked that he seemed more alert than usual.

Next day the man who arrived sauntered into the livery stable. He had sauntered in there before, talked horse for a few minutes and then sauntered out again, much to the disgust of the owner. This time he didn't talk horse. The liveryman was all alone, but he was taken to the rear end of the barn to be communicated with. Mr. Jones had noticed that he had a head on him. Jones had also noticed that he had an eye like an eagle and a perspicacity that enabled him to tell a horse from a cow on sight. The liveryman was flattered. He couldn't help but be. He had been called a fool often enough for trying to conduct a livery business in a county where there were 204 arate, distinct and steep hills and to find that all the people had been wrong about it all the time was like pouring sweet oil in a burn.

After an hour's conversation the man of horses and buggies gave up \$25 and received a commission to act as detective. He was not to be confined to any one sort of crime, but could go ahead and do business with criminals of all sorts regardless of age or sex. Before Mr. Jones had left the stables the newly made detective had made up his mind to keep an eye on the landlord of the hotel. He had long suspected that counterfeit money was being made in the garret of the Clarion.

The man who arrived took another saunter that day. He sauntered in to see Mrs. Bascomb, who kept a small millinery and not on store. He had not come for a fat tail or a paper of hairpins. What he had come for he related in whispers, accompanied by a confidential demeanor. The agency needed women detectives. A word, caught up now and then as a woman customer was trying on a hat or buy-

ing a yard of tape might lead to the unearthing of a great mystery.

Mrs. Bascomb was located next to the postoffice. She could keep her eye on the postmaster. There was a blacksmith shop opposite. She could have the smith and all his customers under constant espionage. As it was dull times in the millinery business, it took a full hour's talking to make Mrs. Bascomb part with \$30 in cash in exchange for a detective's commission, but she finally parted and was advised to "spot" all crossed men mailing letters at night after the postoffice had closed.

During the next week the man who arrived was on the sadder most of the time. The two ap goods merchants and one of the grocers refused to buy commissions on account of religious or some other scruples, but everybody else approached had only to be talked to for a few minutes to pay a price, if they wouldn't pay \$30, the price was gradually reduced to \$3. The arrest of a single murderer, they were told, would make them good a thousand times over.

Not less than twenty women were included in Mr. Jones' list, and when he could secure no more clients in the town he worked the surrounding country. Not a farmer or a farmer's hired man turned him down. It happened in several cases that both the farmer and his man took commissions and were instructed to watch each other.

When Mr. Jones departed he left more than a hundred detectives behind him to watch for the coming of the crime wave. They were to make reports to the home office whenever they struck a clue. Not on their life or lives were they to give away the fact that they were working for the agency or keeping their eyes peeled. Craft, cunning and silence must be the order of the day.

During the next two months Briggsville had an uncomfortable time of it. Every one had a feeling that he was under espionage, and his feeling was right. There was prowling about by day and by night. Men and women sitting in their church pews of a Sunday placed around in a suspicious manner and forgot all about the sermon. Boys and girls of tender years found themselves shadowed and went home to tell fathers and mothers who were shadowing some one else.

It was at a church social that the grand expose occurred. Mrs. Bascomb brought it about by charging the cross-eyed cooper with mailing a letter at midnight. This was in revenge for his hogging down more than his share of the ice cream. In five minutes it came out that there were about forty detectives present and that each one had been spying on the others, and then a free-for-all scrap occurred, and the police made several arrests. This brought out the whole plot and laid bare the character of the man who arrived, and there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

That was ten years ago, but the detectives of Briggsville have never forgiven each other. The crime wave has not arrived, but they glare and shake their fists at each other. And in some locality the man who arrived is arriving again and repeating his performance.

**Opera Under Difficulties.**

A contemporary account says: "At the first performance of 'La Traviata' the tenor, Graziani, took cold and sang his part throughout in a hoarse and almost inaudible voice. M. Virelli, the baritone, having what we would call a secondary role, took no trouble to bring out the dramatic importance of this short but capital part, so that the effect of the celebrated duet between Violetta and Germont in the second act was entirely missed. Mrs. Donatelli, who impersonated the delicate, sickly heroine, was one of the stoutest ladies on the stage or off it, and when at the beginning of the third act the doctor declares that consumption has wasted away the young lady and that she cannot live more than a few hours the audience was thrown into a state of perfectly proportioned grief, a state very different from that necessary to appreciate the tragic action of the last act." No wonder that "La Traviata" made a fiasco, under these trying circumstances. Let when more adequately performed the opera soon become an immense favorite with audiences of all nations, and Verdi had no reason to remember the disasters attending its first appearance in public.

**Attacks on Royalty.**

The king most often and most seriously shot at was Louis Philippe, who somehow was never hurt by his would-be assassins. The most desperate attempt was made by Bieschi, the Corsican, who operated with an infernal machine. He was once fired upon at such close quarters that the flash of the pistol set fire to the bonnet of Queen Marie Amelie, who sat beside him in a carriage. But one serious attempt was made to assassinate Napoleon I. It was with an infernal machine. Napoleon III. had two narrow escapes. One was when the Orsini bombs exploded around his carriage, and the other was at the Bois de Boulogne, when a ball meant for his guest, Alexander I., whizzed by his ear and shot his aid-de-camp's horse.—London News.

**Relative Brightness of the Stars.**

The dream of Joseph is the oldest document known in which the brightness of the stars is referred to. In it are mentioned the sun, moon and twelve stars, which exceed all the other heavenly bodies in splendor. A French astronomer has pointed out that if we count the stars of the first magnitude seen in Egypt today we shall find just twelve, for a third moon is of somewhat doubtful brilliancy. These twelve stars are also mentioned in an oracle of St. John; hence the astronomer concludes that the relative brightness of the stars has not appreciably altered since the times of the pharaohs.

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**Electricity.**  
The electrical properties of amber were known to the Greeks before the Christian era. Electricity takes its name from the Greek word for amber. Gilbert in 1600 was the first to employ the terms "electric force" and "electric attractions." In 1748 Franklin's electrical researches had progressed so far that he killed a turkey by the electric spark and roasted it by an electric jack before a fire kindled by the electric bottle, and in 1782 by means of the kite experiment he demonstrated the identity of electricity and lightning. The first magneto-electric machine was made at Paris by Pixii in 1822; the first telegraph line in the United States was set up between Washington and Baltimore in 1844; the first submarine cable was laid between England and France in 1850. As early as 1802 Sir Humphry Davy produced an electric light with carbon points on almost the same principle as that now employed. The first electric railway on the continent of Europe was built by Siemens at Berlin in 1881, the first in England was constructed in 1882, and in America the first electric line was built in 1885.

**Royal Roads.**  
People will discover at last that royal roads to anything can no more be laid in iron than they can in dust; that there are, in fact, no royal roads to anywhere worth going to; that if there were it would that instant cease to be worth going to—I mean so far as the things to be obtained are in any way estimable in terms of price, for there are two classes of precious things in the world—those that God gives us for nothing—sun, air and fire, both mortal life and immortal, and the secondarily precious things which he gives us for a price. These secondarily precious things, worldly wine and milk, can only be bought for definite money. They never can be cheapened. No cheating nor bargaining will ever get a single thing out of nature's establishment at half price. Do we want to be strong? We must work. To be hungry? We must starve. To be happy? We must be kind. To be wise? We must look and think.—Ruskin.

**The Exceptions.**  
Mrs. White—And do you mean to say that you and your husband always agree about everything? Mrs. Black—Always—except, of course, now and then, when he's out of humor or pig-headed, or something of that sort.—London Answers.

**He Was Good.**  
Miss Ashkam—And do you paint nothing but animal pictures every day? Mr. D'Anber—Well, on Fridays I paint fish.—Cleveland Leader.

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Deceased.  
Pursuant to the order of George E. Russell, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned, executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscribers under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.  
HENRY T. ROBINSON.  
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**ESTATE OF MARTIN MCNAMARA.**  
Deceased.  
Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned, administratrix of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.  
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**SEALED PROPOSALS.**  
Sealed proposals will be received by the Board of Education of the Town of Bloomfield, N. J., for seven hundred (700) tons more or less of Lehigh, Pittston or Scranton coal; about four hundred (400) tons of "red" sand, to be used at the construction of the Board, at the several school-houses in the town. Bids will be opened on Monday evening, May 21, 1906, at 8 P. M. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.  
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